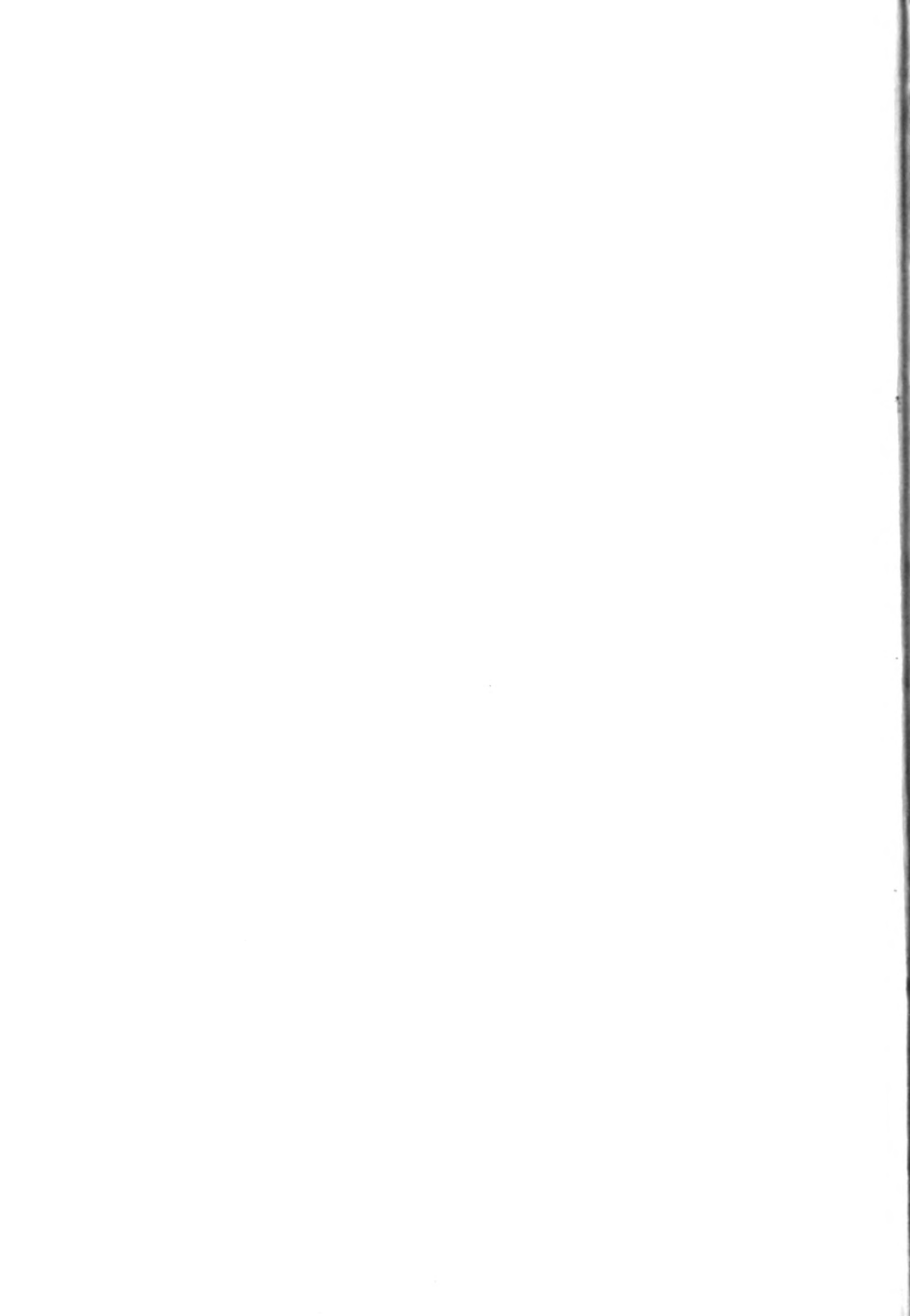


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HARRIET-NEWELL-HASKELL





HARRIET NEWELL HASKELL

January 14th, 1835, Waldoboro, Me.

May 6th, 1907, Godfrey, Ill.

A SPAN OF SUNSHINE GOLD.

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H349/a

27 Feb 45 Letter

"ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE."

you. 8 mch 75 V. M. M. M. M.

Dedicated to

Those who loved her much and long

by

One who loved her more and longer.

CHILDHOOD.

GIRLHOOD.

EARLY WOMANHOOD.

MATURITY.

HARVEST HOME.

APOLOGIA (*Intime.*)

Though this "Labor of love" is intended for you and you only, dear Monticello girls, for some reasons it has been undertaken with the most timorous reluctance. But yearning from within and pressure from without have so combined, that further resistance to these forces seems any longer impossible, while the loyalty of the one who has been "left" towards the one who has been "taken" demands some tribute of expression.

Our beloved, tenderly cherished, and now sincerely mourned, though widely known, was *not* in the usually accepted sense a *public* woman. The private charm of her home school life can no more be spread upon paper for every runner to read than the odor of field strawberries or the incense of lilies.

As we were always together for over fifty years, I have not a single letter of hers in my possession. I am, moreover, at a distance from any proper "base of supplies" (*viz.*: exact data for the narrative), therefore this is a memory intaglio rather than a chronological record. It is neither obituary notice nor eulogy, for both were fully compassed in the Memorial Echo, but is intended rather as a freehand

character sketch of one so electrically alive that it seemed impossible for death to claim her. Indeed she yet lives—her potent influence the sunshine-gold that gilds to-day the towers of her new Monticello.

Oh! give me *back*
That sweet crisp speech of her,
That laughter on the air;
That buoyant presence by *my* side
And *everywhere!*

E. G. A.

I.

CHILDHOOD.

As a child the subject of this sketch was a "Little Classic" of the unexpected. What she had done was no guarantee for what she would do next. She could "send a ball" like a boy; though caught one day climbing experimentally, like a Jackie, the mainmast of a craft building in the ship-yard of her native town, she never owned a thimble nor mothered dolls overmuch, after the fashion of girls. Born to lead, she led by some sort of "divine right", which was never gainsaid nor disputed because she led *so well*. Though a hale comrade with boys she was a queen among girls, affiliating with each in an individual and unique manner, easier to appreciate than describe. Though not a "daughter" of any "regiment", she was *the* child of her home village, the little democrat of the playground, who greeted everybody she met *there* with so much sunshine in her smile, so much sparkle in her "bonnie blue e'en," that she captured hearts by an unconscious magic of free masonry, which was surer and safer than necromancy of gypsies in the olden time.

She was *frankly* mischievous, but so good-natured withal, that wrath vanished when she became her own "confessor" to so bald a statement as—"I did it with my little hatchet"—*I* killed Cock Robin! What are you going to *do* about it?" She hated the bondage of

"pretty clothes", and wore her sunbonnet upon her arm, dangling thereto by its strings, or else swinging loosely down her back, quite below her braids of Saxon hair. One of her early, though not childish, griefs, was the present of a silk gown, because she said it would make her "ache" everywhere, and she wept profusely at the anticipation of being "dressed up" as a lady when she preferred the freedom of the field.

She was not precocious, and at thirteen remained blissfully unconscious of the numerical woes lurking in the multiplication table, but upon suddenly realizing her ignorance, and the necessity of some mathematical basis for her schemes of "frenzied finance", she stole into her father's barn, and climbing into an old carriage, mastered, even the "*nines*", at one session of solitude. But the knowledge of "affairs" was hers from the start. Keen to see, quick to feel, sure to ask both the first and last question, she was a cyclopedia of "general information".

Obstacles, to her were "dares", and every dare in turn an inspiration, as when she was confronted with some *forbidden* pleasure. Not being a pattern child, nor troubled with any pedagogical system of ethics, she "hungered and thirsted after *unrighteousness*" in the shape of anything she must *not* touch, taste nor handle! A negative roused her to action like a war-cry. Plucking a peach-blossom, the *only one* on a young tree in her father's garden, because she had been told she must let it alone, her young defiance of disobedience soon turned into the torturing query, what to *do* with her blooming "graft" now she had

obtained it? Hiding her guilty secret in her uneasy breast, she gave the stolen bloom an unromantic burial behind the molasses jug in the "kitchen pantry", and went her way like many another petty sinner, neither happier nor any wiser than she had been before.

Not being allowed the privilege of going "bare-foot" like the *boys*, she took the matter in her own hands, removed her shoes and stockings on her way to district school, hid them under a fence, and unblushingly played the role of the barefoot *girl* before the astonished eyes of teacher and pupils. Here again a swift and most unexpected retribution awaited her, for a thunder shower arising during the afternoon session, her father, armed with umbrella, and of *all* things rubbers, arrived at the little school-house to escort his lady-bird to the home-nest. It not being quite time for dismissal, he was invited to wait inside until one more class had been called to the front — *hers*, of course! There was no escape, and she must patter forward in her shame, her bare pedal extremities not to be hidden under short petticoats. She saw his eagle eye slowly travel downward, and the horrified expression upon his stern countenance as he thundered in a tone Jove might have coveted: "Harriet, *where* are your shoes?" The fifth act of that serio-comedy we will not rehearse, sparing the nerves and saving the sympathies of our readers for Legitimate Drama, broader in draft, but not so momentous or sudden in disastrous outcome as this petty tragedy, unexpected and significant, of a child in distress!

On another occasion, while visiting in Boston, she wandered with her little hostess-playmate out upon Washington street to see the sights abroad, and look at the window displays within. Beholding some gaily pictured cards, then known as Buzby cards for children, she entered the emporium boldly and coolly ordered a pack. Seizing her treasure as if it were an apple from the tree of life, she marched out calling airily over her shoulder: "Charge to father!" She was so naively innocent as well as swiftly imperative in the transaction that the amazed but amused custodian allowed her to depart minus arrest for petty larceny.

Her volatile spirits bubbled to the well-head every hour, and brimmed over to any "call of the wild". There were no diversions in her native town that met her passion for "something doing" worth while. There were no vaudeville entertainments, no Y. M. C. A.'s, no W. C. T. U.'s; the only gathering of "clans" being the fortnightly sewing societies and quilting parties for the elders—no "Girls' Friendlies" or dances for the juveniles—only the Sunday evening and weekly prayer meetings for mixed audiences, designed for social as well as religious communion.

Therefore, one day when flaming billboards on all the fences advertised the coming, in the near future, of a circus—and moreover a circus with *two* clowns—she was moved to primeval instincts of revolt. She pleaded eloquently the dual enticement of such an unheard-of equipment, yet all in vain! The tyrants of the parental persuasion would not listen to her thrill-

ing appeal of "Just this once! Only think, *two* clowns!" Submission was not to be considered for a moment, and she began to "mobilize" her resources of escape from the parental mansion on that coming Saturday afternoon, when she was allowed merciful freedom from scholastic fetters. She immediately formed herself into a "Ways and Means Committee" of One, to raise the necessary funds for the successful accomplishment of her escapade. She did not own a penny, and a working capital must form the basis of her monetary operations. After canvassing for the second time the possibilities of a sort of harmless graft that should inconvenience nobody, she quietly and privately removed the palm-leaf fans from the "meeting-house" pews occupied by her relatives, thinking perhaps she was invading only *private* property rights. Said fans in some mysterious manner she conveyed to the camping-ground of the record-breaking show, and by the aid of some inveigled masculine agents, for boys were always her loyal allies, she converted her purloined wares into "ready cash" with which ill-gotten gains she made her audacious entree to the Elysium of the "Ring". This flagrant transgression in the role of "heavy villain" for a time at least remained undetected, unpunished, and therefore unsung, until the "star" in after years related the story in her inimitable way, perhaps to point a moral, or more probably to adorn a racy tale.

But these somewhat crooked and peculiar peccadilloes were not confined to the working days of the week. Sunday presented a stiffer challenge to some

exciting deed with which to offset the dull duties of the monotonous day. Oh, the pain of being "dressed up" for church in that silk gown and those unnecessarily shining shoes! Her father being choir-master and her elder sister his leading soprano, Harriet must be safely deposited in the same gallery at one side, as her little mother in the family pew below did not wish to assume the responsibility of any possible antics she *might* feel called upon to perform. But she proved equal to resenting this ignominious separation from the congregation at large. It was a most skilful bit of "target practice" when, leaning over the rail before service began, she dropped an acorn on the bald pate of a venerable deacon below, who had lingered for a moment's conversation in the aisle, and dodged dexterously back out of sight, leaving him to imagine some "new dispensation" of an acrobatic gospel above, for which he had not been prepared in his boyhood days. The sonorous sermon from the pulpit at the other end of the house—not being particularly adapted to her "salad" mentality, as it treated topics, "Predestination" perhaps, or "Divine Sovereignty", quite foreign to her line of thought—engrossed her not at all. But as she was never weary of *ill*-doing, she drew a lead-pencil from the capacious museum of even her Sabbatical pocket, and proceeded to fill in all the *o*'s in her hymn-book, making the long-suffering pages appear as if attacked by small-pox or bubonic plague.

Books were her abhorrence unless spattered with pictures, and those were not the days of illustrated magazines, but she did devour Pilgrim's Progress be-

cause she supposed it a thrilling novel, and novels were "contraband of war" in that day and generation. It carried the additional charm of having to be surreptitiously read at unseasonable hours, and then concealed between the feather-beds in the "guest chamber", where members of the family, an ever-active detective police force, would be *less* likely to pounce upon it!

The hay-mow in the barn was the theatre of many of her histrionic efforts, and she always appeared as stage-manager, and "star" combined, her more important roles, however, being set by the vicissitudes of her daily life in the "open"! Her musical education was pursued under divers and sundry difficulties, which she met with her usual sangfroid. The straight-jacket of steady practice along the tedious route of five-finger exercises was not to be meekly endured, therefore she procured a boy "understudy", who upon promise of some return courtesy slyly stole into the music room and kept up a steady thrumming, in order that the watchful mother above stairs should be persuaded thereby to suppose her young hopeful in the throes of musical evolution to a marvelous degree. *When* discovered and "brought to book" in the shape of solitary confinement and the stimulating diet of bread and water, the by no means non-plussed culprit received her allotted punishment with such unflinching nonchalance that it seemed like imprisoning a segment of rainbow to keep her in durance vile. This young captive of the household Bastille was never sullen, always sunny, even under the most depressing cir-

cumstances, and moreover usually managed by some "wireless" telepathy to communicate with her clientele upon the outside, stating her immediate need of a more substantial and appetizing menu, whereupon by means of a kite-string derrick, or some other ingenious contrivance, various delicacies were noiselessly hoisted into the stealthily opened window of the hastily improvised penitentiary wherein our non-penitent but rather jolly jail-bird was in enforced retreat.

Do not suppose that all this time there was no sagacious effort to reform the skittish criminal on the general principles of law and order, but she presented to all such instruction the proverbial "duck's back", and while she listened good-humoredly, the counsel was making "rapid transit" to the *other* ear! It never seems to have occurred to her that children were made for any other purpose than to be a means of saving grace to long-suffering parents through their "much tribulation" in bringing them up.

As will be seen from the foregoing, our juvenile was not a Sabbath School book precocity of "early piety". Her parents were too fun-loving themselves, as well as wise, to break her down, and even to curb her judiciously must have been a frequent problem in which the values of x and y were indeterminate, for animal spirits, like champagne, will foam upon the least provocation. This picture is not that of a dignified child, but has been drawn from the life—not "still life", but life effervescent and scintillating. Remember, reader, that this same fertility of invention and wealth of resource, determination of will and bubble of

spirit-sparkle, in after years, when disciplined by experience and trained by compelling circumstance, made her the woman she was. Rebuke could not "wither" her, nor restraint "stale" her "infinite variety"!

No need to screw that "courage to the sticking-point" for it was never *unscrewed*. The "white plume" was ever in her helmet; she was her own "army with banners", and let who would follow or desert, she never hauled down her flag. Victory was ever at the helm; later, not victory for the slaughter of others, but triumph over self that she might save others. There was no such word as defeat in her vocabulary, and she conquered not with the sword, but with the olive, from the very first—unconsciously, but all the more surely, as children do. She lived in the present, every day a red-letter day in her calendar of continuous delight; but not in any self-seeking way, for nothing meant much that was not shared. This, however, is anticipating maturer values.

At the ripe age of fourteen it was considered advisable to change this scene of operations. Her field of adventure had been thoroughly explored, her camping-ground too well trodden; the heroine was becoming sated with triumph, and too familiar with her compeers. She was, therefore, with the more staid and dignified sister heretofore mentioned, sent to Castleton, Vt., and there placed in a mixed school of girls and boys: a fine arena for even more extended schemes, though of a somewhat different character, as she was under constant supervision, and also passing from a "mere child" into a rather broader realm, that of the schoolgirl "rampant".

II.

GIRLHOOD.

The *advent* of our heroine into Castleton Seminary was an *event* in the annals of that venerable institution for co-education. To which wing of the *co* did she belong? There seemed a call for another cabinet of miscellaneous curiosities in which to place this new “genus”, so subtle to plan, so swift to execute, was she masculine or feminine—or compound? So sure to offend, but as ready to atone—was she saint, or sinner, or a “Blend”?

The President or Head Master, a very Jupiter Tonans in demeanor, and regarded with the most reverential awe by all his subordinates, was somewhat amazed by her breezy, “Good-morning, Doctor”, as though he were a “hale fellow well met” at a tennis match. The Professor of Botany soon made her his boon companion—his “fetch and carry” in excursions afield for “rare specimens”. She astonished him by her ready assimilation of nature-knowledge and entertained him by her mercurial, original, but never silly prattle. The Preceptress shielded and comforted her when in disgrace, an often occurrence, and her music teacher, though in a state of abject despair as to producing a “prodigy” in this special department, was won to tenderest affection by the ingenious wiles of this little scapegrace from regulation duty at an instrument she hated and devoutly wished ground to

powder, while the music page at which she stared unseeingly she would fain have torn to tatters in some of her fits of impotent rage because she could not become "expert" in a minute.

Mathematics she did not abjure—but English Composition! She put her blank (entirely blank) paper in her shoe in order to spend "required time" *on* this literary bug-bear. With groans (unutterable in public but vociferous in private) and with chewed pencil-tops as her daily provender, she wrestled with the demon of prose construction until despairing of success she savagely tossed aside conscientious scruples, and abandoned herself to some tabooed sport in which she could forget the woes of the un-ready as well as the un-steady writer! But in some miraculous manner, having meanwhile torn her hair and deluged her pinafore with ink, she managed to appear at "Rhetorical" with some trenchant production, the precursor in later years of such original themes as "Railroad up the Hill of Science", or an imaginary and thrilling epic, of which "The Last Victim of the Deluge" was the wretched hero. She "*fail*"! Never! This miniature Lady Macbeth brandishing the dagger of opportunity in the shape of a "Washington Medallion" or, as she preferred to call it, "Americus Vesputius" pen, stabbed to the very heart of it the doughtiest obstacle in her scholastic path, and ever challenged laughter direct from all listeners to whom her most graphic contributions of child literature were submitted.

She was neither abashed on the one hand nor conceited on the other, but carried herself with a valiant

front which challenged the admiration of her mates and defied the criticism of her superiors. She minded neither encomiums nor censure, but was sufficient unto *herself* at all appointed times, if *forced* to the issue, though never overly ambitious of distinction. She simply "went ahead" unmindful of what others were doing unless they encroached upon her "preserves", which was seldom.

As in her native town, she became the "mascot" of this village street, and though not the Hebe or cup-bearer of the gods, she was the recognized errand-runner for anybody and everybody who needed her services. Her charming willingness to help other people manage their affairs, as also her constant alacrity in enhancing what seemed to her the *general* good, won for her hosts of genial admirers, for she was not so much a "busy-body in other men's matters" as a helper omnipresent wherever and whenever she might contribute substantial service.

She could not be "chaperoned" any more than a rocket or a shooting-star, and the spasmodic efforts of the authorities to keep her "in position" were more commendable than successful. She slipped "from under" in the most unprecedented fashion, and was finally captured on some shining height of erratic achievement that only served to accentuate her harmless but quite dashing enterprise. No regulation behavior was her accepted code, and yet she was by no means a coarse hoyden of misrule, and only made things move *her* way with neatness and dispatch, yet without dishonor. The essential humor of a situation so appealed

to her that she made it germane *otherwise*, and even the veriest dragons of school discipline were forced to smile, temporarily to be sure, when she appeared a criminal at the bar, and pleaded "guilty" with bewitching drollery.

All this time the "tares" were not choking out the wheat, for it was not altogether "stony ground" upon which so much "good seed" had fallen. By degrees she began to emulate quick brains as well as ready wits, and there was a manifest uplift of "study" production until it appeared there was something more than fun in her brain granary.

At this juncture when she was giving some promise of better things, her guardian sister was graduated (1851), and it was thought best not to return our protégé to the same school for another year as she had expected. Her watchful family, ever on the look-out for breakers ahead, intercepted a letter to one of her school cronies, in which she outlined such a campaign of mischief for the future, giving explicit directions as to when and where and how implements could be surreptitiously obtained for cooking and providing an appetizing night menu—for the *boys*, mind you—that our little lady's plans came to a most unexpected halt. But she had already made her "mark", not an entirely *black* one, as subsequent events proved. After much careful consideration of future possibilities in so grave a case, through the influence of a friend at that time Associate Principal of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, (South Hadley, Mass.) this scarcely more than child was placed under this mature protection, and entered that

renowned institution (1852) founded by the notable Mary Lyon, pioneer of educational privilege for women.

Here as in Castleton she distinguished herself at once as the "star" of fresh arrivals, and was soon known everywhere by the pet names of "Tow Head" and "Great Heart", the first bestowed, as will readily be imagined, on account of the spun silk of her fair hair; the second suggested by an incident now to be related, and not told in any previous Memorial.

There was "entered" at the same time with herself a girl with a withered arm, and in other ways, though "brainy", rather peculiar and disagreeable. She came, moreover, from the precincts of Waldoboro, but not moving in the same class nor claiming the remotest acquaintance with her fellow town's-child. As is usual in such unfortunate cases, it proved impossible to find a room-mate for her, which seemed imperative, as the school was over-flowing with pupils, while many others were impatiently suing for admission. When affairs appeared desperate, a rousing knock was heard one day upon the Principal's door, and to the response "Come in" a ringing voice answered: "I will take Miss . . . in my room", and she "made good"! Not only did she champion but she compassioned this unfortunate, not in any patronizing way, but with such a "carry" of ozone in the social air that no one dared do otherwise than meet her protégé on the broad levels of school camaraderie.

By many kindly deeds of like nature, though not so conspicuous perhaps in the doing, but prompted by the

same mercurial temperament, "Great Heart" soon became not only first in the class-room, an easy pre-eminence for her, but first in frolic, and, better than all else, first in the hearts of her school fellows. Sport she must have, and sport she made at every possible turn. She did not *break* rules, but she interpreted them in a most unheard of manner, to the amazement of teachers not accustomed to the "higher criticism" of the "canon law".

As is well known, domestic *science* not only, but domestic *drudgery* in active "ruction" was the then primitive feature of institutional management, there being "departments" of service, such as, "silver circle", "glass circle", "bread circle", "pudding circle", each name denoting specific duties to be performed. Whenever any such circle was observed in a state of spontaneous combustion (laughter), at the very centre of the group was our game-y culprit, pushing the button and setting the machinery in motion which seemed *self*-propelling. Caught in each fresh iniquity, she was promptly "degraded" and placed in some lower and more limited sphere. If on the "pudding circle" she would whisper under her breath on the way to dinner: "Girls, don't eat any pudding to-day! It's full of strings, buttons, etc." Whereupon to carry out the joke the repetitious, "No, I thank you," at the dinner table challenged the presiding teacher's startled surprise and indignation. If on the "mopping circle", for to that ignominious occupation had she fallen at last by swift and sure degrees of sin, she would lift her mop high in air and deluge the floor, thus making

navigation a science of transit by water, not suggested in the curriculum! She was then placed in solitary confinement on the "bread circle", where being the sole performer during her particular hour of service, she experienced much difficulty in distinguishing herself to her satisfaction.

But her golden opportunities were found in the night dormitory, where third room-mates took turns in leaving their own apartments for the public "sleeping-place". Here she displayed her ripest energies, and there was no class of high comedy which she failed to introduce. "Pillow-fights" were mild beside the improvised gymnastics she "personally conducted". When upon the sudden approach of the "night officer" her acrobats rolled into bed, they as precipitously rolled out again, for chestnut burrs and thistles were not couch-companions calculated to invite slumber. As the manager of this embryo vaudeville could be no other than the redoubtable H. H., she was again summarily removed from this environment and compelled to sleep on a lounge in the room of the sternest of teachers, whose rest she so disturbed by a skilfully feigned snoring "habit", that it was concluded the punishment outwitted the crime, and the clever convict was remanded to her legitimate quarters.

Sundays, as before, taxed her energies to the utmost because she must devise plausible excuses for non-attendance at church, as, her "rubbers had holes" (where she put her feet in); she had removed the trimming from her bonnet (remember this was a half-century ago when girls wore demure bonnets), with

malice prepense, of course, and could not go bare-headed! But the unsympathetic judge ordered her to *re-trim* or go *untrimmed*, which the girl audaciously did, to the dismay of her "chief" and the amusement of everybody seated in her rear—her bonnet denuded of all save *strings*. As her section of the school occupied the galleries she was enabled from this vantage point to caricature, in a manner worthy of John Leech or Thomas Nast, not only the minister, but various members of the congregation who appealed to her sense of the comic either in feature or attire. One of her seat-mates not only smiling but actually laughing so much *out loud* as to arrest general attention, was summoned to the Principal's room and threatened with the loss of her diploma if she would not tell *what* she was laughing at, which she positively refused to do, whereupon counsel for the defendant appeared, acknowledging herself responsible for this unspeakable outrage upon the sacred proprieties of the occasion, and producing for governmental inspection the offending cartoons; suffice it to say a "change of venue" was apparently ordered, for the impending charges were never more heard from.

But there remains to be told "another story", for though the despair, this recalcitrant pupil was also the glory of her teachers. The recitation hours sparkled with the surprises of her original questions as well as answers, also her naive suggestions regarding the feasibility of altering the text books to suit the limited capacities of the victims thereof. But she *was* teachable, though not with humility abounding. She kept

the class as well as the school in a ferment of expectation as to her achievements scholastic, and rarely fell below anticipation, while often going beyond it. She scorned a "sneak", and though herself sometimes an "artful dodger", it was not in a cowardly manner nor at the expense of another.

Though she never carried any studential aspect of worry or fret, never "poring" over her books as did so many of her classmates, she always passed her public examinations triumphantly over and above every other student, attracting attention not only by her unusual personnel, but by her quick replies, and her "at home" manner with the subject in hand. As she crossed the large and always crowded hall to the blackboard, for the moment apparent queen of all she surveyed, there was a hush in the audience and a smile of satisfaction when in her turn she was called upon for *her* "demonstration". Then she made her title clear as a "leader" in thought, either mathematical or scientific.

She was also head and front of the debating society, which, however, became so vociferous in its on-goings that it was allowed "to be" only on condition that the teacher of Logic should preside at its too lively sessions. *That* killed it; not immediately, but by slow strangulation of the "salad" ideas of brainy but immature girls, "free lances" to a somewhat perilous degree.

Being denied permission to formally celebrate the Fourth of July in the Seminary Hall, a petty revolution was not only planned but successfully carried out

by the "minute" woman of the occasion. Having previously tied black silk aprons, which were then worn, to every door knob on the corridors, in lieu of the flag so despised and rejected by the Faculty "ancients and honorables", she marshalled her numerous followers after school hours and led them into the woods at the back of the house, then proceeded with a program as patriotic as unusual. The singing of America, Star Spangled Banner, etc., was supported by an orchestra of jewsharps and combs, accordions, etc., after which the spreadeagle orator, none other than the grand rebel herself, delivered a soul-stirring harangue on Government *for* Girls, *by* Girls, *of* Girls, themselves! (She was breaking no rules, you see, only giving them a more modern interpretation, after the manner of or rather foreshadowing the "new thought" in education.) The teacher of Logic afore-mentioned, getting wind of what was going on, wandered roundabout-ly to the grove, becoming an unseen listener to the eloquent peroration, which so amused her that she made a minority report in behalf of this new "continental congress", declaring that the end justified the means, and that so innocent but ingenious an ebullition of jocund spirit had best be let judiciously alone. The grand morale of that chief of sinners convinced everybody that wherever she moved in after life she would become a person of distinction.

Permit here another account of this same incident, also written from memory many years after by another classmate, Miss Anna C. Edwards, of Northampton, later Associate Principal at Holyoke. It

differs in no important particular from the foregoing, and is endorsed by this writer, who was a modest member of—"The Band"!

"A surprise was perpetrated in the form of a mock celebration in the grove near Miss Lyon's monument. There busy hands had arranged reserved seats for the teachers and a platform for various speakers, with a 'band' provided with various castanet and tin pan accessories, which certainly added much to the gayety of the occasion, while the large audience contentedly disposed itself on the green grass under the trees.

One of the most dignified seniors—I have never seen her equal—called the meeting to order, and presided over the whole program:

1. Music by the band.

2. Letters from distinguished personages, expressing their regret for their unavoidable absence. President Pierce could not come because his dog and cat were sick; Mrs. Partington was detained by Ike's illness, and Hon. Edward Everett, United States Senator, had suffered from spinal complaint ever since he entered the protest of the New England clergy against the Nebraska bill. Some of the alumnae do not remember, and may not appreciate, the feeling aroused all over the North by that Nebraska bill, and the storm of vituperation that fell upon Mr. Everett from the Southern Senators when he presented a remonstrance against it signed by three thousand ministers of New England. He was quite overcome by it, so much so, that he apologized for offering such an insult to his colleagues, and was himself stigmatized

thereafter at the North, as wanting courage and backbone.

3. Singing of an original hymn by the whole assembly accompanied by the "band". If I had anticipated writing this account, more than half a century later, I would have preserved the name of the author. Who knows what fame as a poet she may have since achieved!

4. Speeches, three of which I recall: Em. Wight, a little flyaway body, said she hoped we would all appreciate the great sacrifice she had made in leaving her husband and six small children in the distant state of Illinois, in order to attend this meeting—"I've forgot the rest"—then sprang off the platform as quickly as she had mounted it, and I have never been able to decide whether she really had forgotten the rest, or meant to end in just that way.

Then Harriet Haskell, afterward the renowned principal of Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill., came forward trembling with age, leaning on two crutches and supported by two attendants, the very impersonation of an old revolutionary soldier. "My young friends", she began in a thin, quavering voice, "this celebration reminds me of the first glorious Fourth; Washington lived then; Adams lived then, Franklin lived then, and so did I. I was in all the important battles of the war; I saw Burgoyne back out of that Saratoga Spring, and if it hadn't been for a mosquito that flew between me and the cannon's mouth, in another engagement, I shouldn't be here today. Now what do I see? Three millions of slaves in the land

of the free!" Then she proceeded to give, no doubt, excellent advice to her hearers as to their part in present emergencies.

We had refreshments as became the day, and toasts, only one of which I recall: "Our Band; may their hearts be better tuned than their instruments!"

I know it all ended with our marching in long procession after the band with its lugubrious strains, out into the street, around to the front door, which you remember, we did not enter on ordinary occasions, and hanging a black flag out of the parlor window while the townspeople, accustomed as they were to our ways, looked on and wondered what could be going on at the Seminary!"

Thus were passed the four years of the happiest of school courses, after which the senior of seniors was graduated (1855), with the high honors which she richly deserved, leaving an impression on those sands of school-life that has never even to this day worn dim, and which long after led to her appointment as Principal of Castleton Seminary, and the conferring upon her by Mt. Holyoke College later of the Degree of "Doctor of Letters"; indirectly also to her election as Principal of Monticello (1867).



HASKELL HOMESTEAD AT WALDOBORO, MAINE

III.

EARLY WOMANHOOD.

The year after graduation was spent at home, where she taught at solicitation, a select and private class of pupils. An incident of a brief visit to Boston later was the determinator of her future career. Casually seeing a notice appointing date for examination of teachers to supply vacancies in the public schools, without saying a word to anybody or making the slightest preparation for such an ordeal, she presented herself as a candidate therefor, though she had not the slightest desire or intention of becoming a "professional". Again the mere suggestion was a "dare", and she only wished to test her resources educational. She "passed", not brilliantly, according to her own account, but was much surprised by a request from the august examiners for a private interview after other novices were dismissed. Her "personal equation" carried conviction to the minds of her interlocutors that here was a "rara avis" not to be lightly treated, and she was doubly astonished when, soon after, she was appointed to fill a vacancy in the Franklin school caused by the resignation of the lady assistant to the Head Master.

Here was a most unexpected issue, but with juvenile impetuosity she accepted at once. There was consternation in the home circle at her rash decision. Why and wherefore should she undertake the "hum-

drum" drudgery of the teacher-habit, but as "Home Rule" in her special case had never been a marked success, after some spirited expostulation she was allowed her own sweet will, gained her season of apprenticeship by filling the position satisfactorily, but resigned it at the close of the year, returning home for the wedding of her sister, who was married in the autumn of 1857 to Rev. Samuel Boardman, D. D., a native of Castleton, Vt., pastor of the Congregational Church in Norwich, Vt., afterward President of Maryville College, Tenn., and now residing in Bloomfield, N. J. She had won her "spurs", and "dubbed" herself Knightess-Errant of the noblest "order" the world has ever seen—second only (*if that*) to canonized saints of the church militant.

She was seized during that autumn with a violent illness (due perhaps to more nervous strain than she realized at the time), and convalesced slowly through the early winter. Having, however, entirely recovered, she was afterward urged to take charge of the High School in her home-town. As the circumstances of the case were rather pressing and peculiar on the side of the conservators of public instruction, she consented, and again made for herself a name long to be remembered. She taught "big boys" navigation, which she had to study *ahead* o'nights; she won them from profane language and coarse habits; created atmospheres to which they were heretofore total strangers; and became a sort of Queen Goddess in their "daily walk and conversation".

In 1859 she met her first, but by no means her

last overwhelming grief, in the loss of her only sister, ever in previous years her guide, counselor and friend. For though so different temperamentally, the two were beautifully complementary and devotedly attached—each admiring in the other what she herself thought she lacked—the one, tall, slender, graceful, with large melting blue eyes and hair which exactly matched a gold coin—the other sturdy and strong; the one, a “model child”—the other, a “harum-scarum” (so called)); the one a woman exquisite in every particular both of body and mind, as gentle as a zephyr from the south, and loved accordingly—the other virile, impulsive, and as stimulating as ocean brine, also beloved accordingly, and *both* in Scripture measure, “pressed down, shaken together and running over”, love and admiration in each case lasting to the present hour, and promising to endure as long as any are alive who were privileged to know them. This sorrow, the loss of the elder by the younger, greatly enriched and mellowed the character of the latter. As was universally the custom at the time, she adopted the black garb which she wore ever after, saying if there was reason for putting it on she saw no reason for putting it off.

Between 1859 and 1862 and while she continued teaching big boys and girls at home, the deeps of remembrance were stirring in Castleton, as the right reverend President of the institution had resigned on account of failing health and super-abundant length of service. Who should “occupy”? It cannot be recorded through exactly what agencies, but princi-

pally the recommendation of the then President of Middlebury College, Vt., who had heard of some of her ingenious exploits, the position was tendered to her (1862). She was to be aided by a gentleman classical teacher, but the executive "management" was to be solely her own devising. It was a formidable bid! A *young* woman of twenty-seven to succeed a masculine veteran. There were mutterings and queries in camp. "That fly-away? To be Principal of Castleton Seminary? Were the Trustees crazy?" But above the clamor was heard the sane voice of the retiring master himself, declaring calmly: "She is equal to anything she herself consents to undertake." Again there was serious consultation among the home authorities. Her mother, a buoyant and sunny woman, was in sympathetic touch with the mettle of the "*child*", as she seemed to her, while her father, thoroughly understanding her ambition, gloried in her "nerve"! She herself had tasted the "nectar and ambrosia" of the gods, viz., power to mould and lift others to higher aims in self-betterment, and was not to be deterred from any task because there were lions in the way.

Therefore she girded on her armor of endeavor, and like a young Amazon took the field, audaciously but not recklessly, for she counted the cost of failure, setting it against the somewhat problematic chances of success—a delicate calculus, both integral and differential. She was followed to Castleton by a select contingent of Waldoboro pupils who would not consent to be left behind. Once decided, there was no

"halt" in her steady ongoing. She soon captivated the boys by her ready repartee and her perfectly fearless grapple with the situation. She was not afraid of any *one* of them nor of all combined. They could not "get round" her. She "got round" them before they comprehended she had started on the "war path". They could not "catch her napping", for she was Argus-eyed; a "Scotland Yard" in toto—a secret service agent in "plain clothes"!

The following incident, one among many of like nature, may serve as an illustration. One tempestuous night, fearing leaks at top of the house, unattended, for she would never delegate what she considered her responsibilities, to others, she made a tour of observation, "up garret". Having finished her inspection, as she turned to leave she noticed a streak of light through an aperture in the loosely boarded floor. Fearing fire even more than water, she proceeded to investigate, and found said opening to be directly over a narrow crack in the ceiling of the room below, through which crack she discovered playing cards being slapped down with most suspiciously scientific precision upon a table of which the center only was visible to her naked but sufficiently keen eye. No hands were in evidence as human agents in what seemed a very animate and yet inanimate game. Locating the room, she made her noiseless way thither, to find transom carefully covered, key-hole dexterously stuffed, and door securely locked against possible police intruders. At her imperative demand: "Open here," there was a smothered shuffling of

something more substantial than cards upon a table—slipperd feet, but not on “tufted floor”! Some hurried transformation scene was evidently in progress. After a suitable interval a hulking youth (a minister’s son, by the way) with a face as innocent of evil as that of a Southdown sheep, appeared tardily in response to her repeated summons, and she was courteously and suavely invited to “walk in”, which she proceeded to do with the stately tread of a dowager queen on court parade. Had Jeanne d’Arc with her consecrated banner, or Boadicea with a shining helmet appeared on the scene, these “ignoble scions of worthy sires” could not have been more dismayed. But why? The aspect of affairs was ideally academic. No astronomic commission absorbed in calculating conditions of life on the planet Mars could have been more seriously studential or more appropriately environed for literary, scientific and classical pursuits. A huge Latin lexicon was spread invitingly open at one corner of the *now* study, *not* card table. Euclid presented lines and angles both acute and obtuse on a most rumpled and disreputable page under the troubled eye of a *very* pre-occupied young mathematician. The Anabasis (Greek) was propped in commanding position, where the ace of spades had lately reposed, while a fourth unhappy youth seemed engaged, in frantic effort to vivisect a Browning or some other equally labored poem. Following the stern demand: “I will take your cards, young gentlemen,” was a silence that could be *heard*, as Miltonic darkness could be *seen*! Refusal was im-

possible. She knew, and they knew she knew, but *how?* Surrender was meek, immediate and unconditional, and Venus Victrix departed making no sign and speaking no further word. The next morning before Chapel Prayer, "Lead us not *into* temptation, but deliver us *from* evil," aforesaid hulking hero of the opening door appeared penitentially before the "Mistress of the Manse", humbly imploring her "not to write to *father!*" "I shall do nothing of the kind," she replied. "We will settle the matter *ourselves*, Howard," looking up at him with one of her rarest smiles. That boy was her sworn champion ever after. Not a word was spoken on the matter further, but card-playing in study hours became, if not absolutely "nil", a very minus quantity.

She conquered by such winning methods that she challenged every inch of chivalry in the masculine brain. She was ambidextrous in the management of "relations" between the co-eds both in the house and on the open play-field, called campus. There were certain unwritten laws but no revolt-provoking code. "The girls" were persuaded to refinement of bearing, fascinated by her own freedom of manner and sweet reasonableness of requirement.. There was sometimes a rather harmless and sporadic attempt at an escapade "just for the fun of the thing, you know!" But the beauty of all was that the fun came in at the swift and sure capture of the escapaders, a capture so adroit and sudden that it was rather satisfying to all concerned.

"Suspense" was more often the "policy" than

quick retribution; also silence more ominous than speech in the agonized waiting for what *might* be, but was so slow in coming. When she *did* speak, however, there was a blaze in the blue eye and a timbre in the tone that nobody cared to encounter the second time. Notwithstanding her bonhomie she was not to be trifled with.

Her career of five years in Castleton braced her nerves, broadened her judgment, and steadied her superabounding vitality. She was *with* her pupils and *for* them every one; never of them, but above, serenely, securely, always, and her law was supreme over and beyond any rules of game or etiquette. As a botanist analyzes flowers she classified but also individualized temperaments. She knew where to strike, but also how to glide—her finesse being like lace, variously patterned. The veterans who “came to see”, or rather to query, grew soon satisfied as to her “grasp” of situation, while young men and maidens all knew her as friend, counsellor and queen. Her reputation gradually became the state property of Vermont, and it was to this fact that she owed her invitation to the larger field, then rather vaguely known as the wild and woolly West.

Again Middlebury College was responsible through one of its Faculty, at the time the pioneer of Congregationalism in St. Louis, and also President of the Board of Trustees of Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill., Rev. Truman Post, D. D. She was, however, too happy and successful in her mountain

absolutely declined to even consider the proposition for a moment. But she had met for the first time a match determination, and was at last prevailed upon to "view the landscape o'er" before final decision. She went, she saw, she was *not* conquered. Nothing pleased her, neither school, climate, nor educational outlook, as matters were then conducted. She turned her back resolutely upon any project for her ultimate transfer from extreme east to what then seemed extreme west, and returned to Castleton, as she thought, a saner and wiser woman, much to the delight of her admirers there—parents, pupils, and teachers. Everybody considered the matter settled, except the Trustees of Monticello, who, having seen on *their* side, were determined to conquer this woman of steel and sunshine; unanimously elected her as permanent Principal over and above her refusal to serve, sending her an official notification of this rather unusual action, which made her pause and for the first time waver!

It was a broader field, and a wider opportunity. She would miss her boys, but girls would become mothers who should train the men of the Middle West. The idea grew by what it was made to feed upon in more and more urgent letters from the Mississippi Valley. She not only paused, but pondered. It was now become clear that she had found her "vocation", that of teaching and training *other* women's children. It was strange, but it grew more and more melodious—the music of that name Monticello—Mount of Heaven—by the bank of that great western

water way! Illinois College was graduating stalwart young men—country girls, unlettered, though never so sweet and charming, would not make suitable brides. Capt. Benjamin Godfrey, founder of the Seminary, was right, and its prosperous existence for then nearly thirty years proved the wisdom of his forethought. Bereft of its first talented leader by her resignation, there was an imperative demand for a second. She had been chosen, and confirmed in the most positive manner. It was not now *should* she, but *ought* she to resist obstinately what might be a Providential indication? It was a struggle, but the west was to win against the east. She accepted the position, but with the definite proviso that she was to choose her own teachers, be left entirely unhamp-ered in the management of internal affairs, and be judged by results only after a fair trial of her “methods”, which she foresaw would differ materially from those of the former regime, not necessarily because they were so much *better*, for though confident, she was not *overwise* in her own conceit, but because they were different, and therefore might prove stimulating.

Her *conditions* were accepted, but it was not without “qualms” that in the late summer she appeared upon the ground. It was vacation—the big stone house was desolate and empty save for the matron and her few assistant caretakers. The climate was debilitating for a woman New England breeze-blown. The weather was exhaustingly hot, the roads dust-buried, the *broad* Father of Waters narrowed to a

rivulet of what might have been muddy coffee—not like the rock-bound rills of Maine or the singing cascades of the Green Mountain State. The lay-out of both work and landscape was most dispiriting and depressing to anybody who did not generate her own oxygen. She *groaned* but once. On retiring the first evening after her arrival, hearing the shrill whistle of the eastern-bound express, she exclaimed: “Go on, old train!” Then she resolutely set her face to her task and never faltered once again.

The school, owing to no fault of interregnum management, which was as sagacious as possible, but to the inevitable vicissitudes of any transition period, was somewhat unsettled as to its future ongoing. Traditions of “disorders” floated in the air, very much exaggerated, no doubt! The “Alton boys” were reported, not in the saddle, but in buggies galore, as the Monticello girls went across the road to church on Sundays. With handkerchiefs tied to whip handles, these gallants saluted the fair procession, making a lane for its passage through their valorous and self-appointed ranks. What would the new Principal do in such extraordinary premises? She *outlined* or rather *inlined* her policy at once, the animus of which was, making “Chevalier Bayards” of the Alton boys; persuade to *her* way of thinking, the Monticello girls. To formulate was with her to act briskly, fearlessly, but with caution, unseen at the tiller. She therefore arranged a weekly afternoon “reception” for the *boys*, threw open the parlors, played the role of hostess herself, introducing the girls and

making all go merry during the appointed hour. Many elders shook their heads and looked askance, but they had promised *not* to interfere.

The "new departure" next organized a large young men's Bible Class to be holden in the gallery of the church, with herself as instructor. Both schemes worked even beyond expectation. The "receptions" being an allowed pleasure and having no subtle charm of the *dis*-allowed, gradually dwindled by their own default, until they were discontinued because so few availed themselves of such a simple and stated privilege. On the other hand, the Bible Class increased in numbers and vivid interest; as there are those living at present who will thus testify. The instructor was young, and interesting moreover. She handled religious themes in a new way, finding many opportunities of presenting more lofty ideals of behavior than had *before* been *considered*, even had they been *taught* both in home and pulpit. Her perfectly familiar and yet sufficiently dignified manner was like a "sea-turn" in a sultry afternoon. She encouraged but controlled discussion, allowed free expression, but insisted that it be refined and reverent. A novel method this, choking "wild oats" by a young man's Bible Class.

In the meantime she was making herself mistress of the family and school household. Some teachers who had been held over from the earlier regime were a little in doubt as to her free and easy manner in dealing with both major and minor transgressions, but the issues thereof were so sound, so sane, so

wholesome, that her decisions became finalities with no further question. Things settled into orderly though liberal courses, and very soon the vigor and wisdom as well as the sweetness of the new administration were generously recognized, even by those at first most quizzical. The goodness in her face, the evident sincerity and elevated purity of her purpose, disarmed criticism, which she ever met with such good-humored argument that she generally proved her way the best under the circumstances of the particular situation under discussion. She was slow, *very* slow, almost "impossible" to *wrath*, even under extreme provocation; allowed other persons the freedom of *their* opinions, which she regarded, but she could not be blown about by every wind of doctrine. She held that the "ultimatum" must rest with her, as she shouldered and was prepared to meet the responsibility of her acts. All this time, in her young womanhood of the thirties, she was inaugurating and establishing her splendid administration which was to render Monticello a "loveliness", the spell of which was never broken by the complex inrush of after years.

Hers was ideal living, so pure, so winsome wise,
It seemed a wonder-study, continuous in surprise;
Her very touch was tonic—exhilarant as wine—
With magnetism richer than blood of royal line.
She carried wealth of sunshine in every word and
look;
Her heart read like the pages of an illumined book;

Her *love* was sure as roses beneath the skies of June;
Her counsels were as mellow as measures of a tune.

Her *faith* was steady beacon o'er life's tumultuous
brine,

Or steadfast as the needles of any mountain pine;
Her *hope* glowed like a ruby 'neath blaze of morning
light,

Or as an emerald flashes 'mid tapers of the night.

She was at one with pleasure, yet in accord with grief,

She saw in each soul-model both low and high relief;

As buoyant as a paeon, but serious as a prayer,

She knew *related* values and gave to each its share.

As generous as sea-foam—her "mine" was always
"thine",

She "sealed" no private treasures with cabalistic sign!

The fires were ever burning upon her vestal shrine

That made her liberal giving seem privilege divine.



IV.

MATURITY.

To some, life in a retired educational institution is a boring monotony; to others, "green pasture" beside "still waters". Neither can be adequately described except for those who, having experienced, can read *between* as well as behind the lines. For some there is in school life a haunting charm; the quiet atmospheres, the regular hours, the musical clamor of bells calling to appointed duties, the "sweet security of books", the crowding young and eager faces, the communion with refined and cultivated teachers, the morning chapel, the even song, all invite to reposeful but not inactive living, which has a character of its own; yet does not lend itself to dramatic treatment.

To delineate the home-school animus prevailing at Monticello in its entirety, or even in its half-tones, seems a sort of sacrilegious endeavor. A water-colorist rather than a cartoonist should undertake it, and even then, the result might be only a smattered daub of smudgy dyes. Though so secluded, it was a world-wide life, with poets, philosophers, scientists and saints. It was "Hamlet played a hundred nights", but a *new* Hamlet every time, and to a fresh audience each year, but never a Hamlet "left out"! Monotonous? —oh no; never! with such a versatile woman at the fore. Never "flat, stale or unprofitable", she was now a *larger* classic, not only of the *unexpected*, but a "de

luxé" edition of the assured. She *knew* her force, and was built to ride rough as well as shining seas, as future events will testify. She was not only the presiding genius, she was the permeating presence of the house. Platform and parlor knew her presence, but also kitchen and door-yard; the spreading campus in front and the out-lying farm behind were equally familiar to her keen and busy oversight. Not only teachers and scholars, but helpers "of every sort and condition" masculine or feminine, had the freest access to her ready ear and her genuine heart-interest. She never forgot petty but after all most significant attentions to those "below stairs", and made every "attachee" of the establishment feel jealous of its honor and her sagacious supervision.

There was no frigid or torrid in her consistent behavior, no trap-doors (crotchets) in her disposition, no sulky days in her calendar, for she dwelt always in temperate zones. It was all "Queen's weather". Irritants found no place in her pharmacoe pia. Her morning greeting to the school both in dining-room and at chapel swept frowns from every brow, and cobwebs from every brain, and set the "tempo" for the day. She never dismissed the girls from opening exercise without some tonic note of moral uplift, either by story or poem, or witty suggestion of her own.

She was a "raconteur royale"! But her tales were not hackneyed repetitions, because she rarely told them twice alike, but (like Browning's Ring and Book) from so many varied points of view, as witness her tragi-comedy of the "Burning Bed" from

which she was so miraculously rescued by her heroic pater when an infant twelve hours old. Every Monticello girl remembers *that* story, for being related from the different observation-point of every actor in the drama—father, mother, nurse, and *all* touched up by her own *mature* reflections, so humorously set forth, it was often presented in the Monticello Drury Lane as Tragedy, Comedy, Epic, Lyric, Fable and Real Life founded on fact! But though a brilliant Arabian Nights Scheherezade, there was underlying every tale a sound substructure of moral granitoide, while “Haec Fabula Docet” was never forgotten. The most salutary lessons of honor, courage, good cheer, teachableness, filtered into the minds of the listeners as mountain rivulets percolate the sands of arid plains by scientific irrigation, and the young audience departed, unaware that they had been “preached to” or listening to a “sermon” with variegated text. Such sub-conscious ethics became strong strata in many a character, saving it from disintegration even in later years.

Though this usual serenity of life was sometimes stirred by eddies and currents of minor disaster, they disturbed but for a moment, because so thoroughly understood to be but bubbles on the overflow. Two very serious calamities, however, did overtake and almost paralyze for the time being; viz.: trials by fire; the first the perilous and nearly fatal accident of her own burning while impersonating Santa Claus one Christmas; the second, total destruction by flame of what is now called the old building, which had

been repaired and renovated to the limit of possibility. The personal agony of the first test of faith and patience she met with all the fortitude which might have been expected from a person of her equable temperament, but the second was a much severer ordeal. To stand helplessly by, and see the fruits of toilsome years vanish in smoke between ten P. M. and ten A. M. the next morning, could not but make her stout heart quiver to the core. The new library cases, the new stairways from top to bottom of the house, and all just completed, swept to ashes in the quiet beauty of a November night. She did steal behind a tree and drop a solitary tear, and that was the sole unit-measure of her grief.

Then she set her splendid self toward rescue and rehabilitation, with such magnificent resolve that no opposition could daunt, or discouragement "down" her. She now proved herself equal to a *crisis*. The steady running of the school heretofore seemed almost a matter of its own inertia, but now came a *jolt* that was to try to the uttermost the nerve of the hand at the helm! A woman's hand at that! The insurance not by any means covering the loss, the usual troop of disconcerting questions pressed into the foreground. Was it *worth while* to rebuild? Would patronage continue and pupils be returned after such an overwhelming calamity? Could the chasm be bridged soon enough to "save the state"? There were also attendant ifs, buts, ahs, ohs, the "little foxes that eat the vines".

How she answered these queries by the swift erec-

tion of the temporary building, thus for two years holding the school together, issuing the usual catalogues, and graduating the Senior Classes, is too well known to need detailed repetition here. "Get under a bush, Miss Haskell, and we'll come back to you," was the pledge of the out-going crowd as the smoke of the holocaust ascended to heaven, and the pledge was more than doubly redeemed. Encouragement and substantial help came at first call, from devoted alumnae, friends "at large", and one particular benefactor who may be mentioned in passing as a member of the aforesaid Bible Class. All this has been rehearsed many times, but never has been, and perhaps never can be related, the superb poise of the victor in the fight—victor from first to last, from smoking ashes to palace towers.

No person not upon the ground could ever realize the patient vigilance brooding over the new construction. She knew by heart as well as head the lay of every beam, the span of every arch, the lift of every column from turret to foundation-stone. Nothing escaped her watchful eye, and midnights often, as well as meridians, were her "working hours". Vacations as well as school sessions kept her on steady duty. Obstacles numerous, irritations manifold as plagues of Egypt, could not shake her Gibraltar of equanimity. The workmen marvelled greatly at her invariable good-nature in the face of exasperating delays, and came to the conclusion that Monticello must be "aisy on the *heart*" with such a cheery woman at the *head*! But the end crowned the work, and the

glorious fruition following has continued from the dedication day to the present hour in the shape of an overflowing school crowding from year to year the halls and corridors of an educational temple worthy of an Athenian Acropolis. Though so often prophesied that she must collapse when she could say, "It is finished," nothing of the kind happened, and she lived to grace what she had so skilfully builded; to enjoy the result brought to pass by brain toil and heart petition.

Monticello's "golden age" was now in the ascendant, for its preserver was in her splendid prime. The mellowing beauty of her chastened administration is too subtly elusive for words. Beside her morning greeting to the school there were her prayers after evensong in the dining-room, the sacred hush of which at that hour can never be forgotten by any student or teacher who ever enjoyed the precious privilege of that devotional period; those petitions so simple, so brief, so sincere; a litany of spontaneous eloquence; in a language that the smallest and weakest could understand—sometimes scarcely a cry of aspiration, again a sweep of fervid inspiration. It is here "in order" to appeal to every listener, who held her breath to catch every accent of devotion. Who can ever forget the familiar hymn-tunes as night after night they floated "sweet and low" yet marvelously distinct to the farthest corner of the rooms?

A third most notable point of regular contact with those under her charge was the Sunday morning service, which she generally conducted after the with-

drawal of the Institution from church services across the way. Here she was matchless, as none can ever know who were not there to hearken. In her public ministration she never had the "fictitious type of bearing", "the air of omniscience", the trick of pedantry, the slavish conventionality and above all the metallic, raucous *voice* of the "cut and dried *teacher*"! Every "talk" was a cameo! Not only were the youngest of her auditors always *ready* listeners, arrested by her clear and chaste expression, but the oldest also were as much surprised as edified by what seemed specially addressed to their mature intelligence. The wonder grew as to how she touched *both* poles with the wand of communicated thought. The voice—never lifted above middle registers—carried like flute notes, melodious and thrilling; the ideas were crystal, for she rarely spoke enigmas to the young. Her devotional temperament (an astonishment to many who had previously seen her only on the secular side) was then at high tide. She was moderate, self-contained, and serene, though convincing to a finish, and as earnest as the prayer of the publican, breast-smitten and contrite. She was not and did not desire to be heard for her "*much*", but her honest speaking. She was the same hearty, genuine woman on her home platform as in her private library with familiar friends. She knew not "*airs*," but she abounded in "*graces*"!

Her charities were "ships that passed in the night"—not pageants that moved in the sunlight. The secrets of her private purse were not open secrets to

any save beneficiaries, and not always known even to *them*. Many a class pin or graduating gown seemed to drop from heaven like the manna of the Israelities, while the bestowal of the gift was so graciously managed that obligation was not so much a burden unbearable as a blessing unspeakable.

She never had the manner dictatorial, nor carried the stiff "dignity of authority". She *was* authority. Most considerate was *this* Principal of both the rights and feelings of her teachers—always allowing each a "free hand" in work, and only judging it as she herself demanded to be judged, by results. She recognized, however, every individual method, though with no appearance of surveillance, and would not have employees about her made uncomfortable by the adverse and nagging criticism of those who thought *they* could do it better! Every teacher was to have the entire swing of her own circuit, subject of course to delicate suggestions, but not to rasping censure. If a subordinate proved unsatisfactory she was not retained, but she was not to be hampered to any verge of nervous prostration while she remained. Full scope was given to originality of scheme, and no method was tabooed because unusual, if it proved effective.

Though self-contained and apparently beyond possibility of tremor, she was modest in self-estimate when required by the duties of her position to put herself in the public view. Once there, however, she bore herself proudly, grandly, and yet with a meekness that in itself was might impregnable. Even

more than mothers, she impressed fathers, who often came to visit their daughters on Sundays, because then released from business cares. As a matter of courtesy they attended Chapel service, manifesting some measure of curiosity as to its character. It was easy for an observer to watch curiosity merge into close attention, close attention into aroused interest, aroused interest into electric sympathy, electric sympathy into discriminating admiration, as they recognized the breadth and the uplift, and better still the logical proportions of her simple yet astute discourse. Her personnel was here exhibited at finest advantage. She was not a beautiful but she was a handsome woman—sometimes said to resemble Susan B. Anthony, a rather plain one, also Mrs. Mary Livermore, an unusually imposing matron. But strange though it may appear, neither woman resembled *her*, for here was something beyond and above either. She used to humorously relate that when Senior at Holyoke she met an old gentleman, who on being introduced, remarked: "My dear, you strongly resemble Mary Lyon," then pausing meditatively he most innocently added: "I think Mary Lyon the homeliest woman *I* ever saw." He must have been "sand blind" like old Lancelot!

As has been remarked, though not beautiful in the ordinary sense, our patron saint possessed distinction, which does not fade, but is often accentuated by passage of years. Strangers looking at her turned to look again and inquire, "*Who* is she? Some public woman, of course!" Her hair

brushed smoothly off her broad brow, and below her ears to knot at nape of the neck, displayed the dome of her fine head, which she playfully called her "administration dome" (as indeed it was). Her chin was firm and square. Her nose, Napoleonic, was her most classic feature, its fine thin nostril quivering as did that of Marie Antoinette, when indignant or scornful. Her head was royally set on her white, columnar neck, as the bust so truly represents, and her eye was ever telling the fervid emotions of her heart, or the racing thoughts of her active brain. She was not tall, though always so described because her erect and spirited carriage gave that universal impression, and it was not until standing beside a *really* tall woman that it became apparent she was not much above medium height. In middle life, and this picture is drawn from *that* view point, her attire was black always, which best suited her fair complexion; her garb was simple and ever adapted to time and occasion, though so regardless in mere matters of dress was she that it was sometimes well that she was superintended by her watchful friends, while her pre-occupied mind was on much higher things intent. She was absorbed in what she was saying, and not thinking of garments she was wearing or how she was looking in the mirror of other minds.

There were no dregs in the spicy wine of her conversation, for she did not deal with commonplaces. Though she appeared not only to lead but to dominate social converse wherever she was present, it was mainly because everybody willingly waited and list-

ened for her wit and wisdom, so spontaneous but never crowding.

A word should be said in passing concerning her letters. She did not consider herself a satisfactory correspondent, because she said she had no time or inclination in that line after her numerous business obligations. She was therefore rather impatient even of letters *received*, especially if they were illegibly written, and would toss them to others to decipher. But for all she was absolute mistress of her trenchant pen.

It has been said that, though *man* excels in humor, no man is ever a match for a witty *woman*. Whether the latter be true as a general statement, it was surely often proved in her case, for many a carping paterfamilias has gone down before her return sally. She was laconic as a Spartan, and knew just how to feather a sharp criticism with a so much sharper jest that the honors were much more than "even", and she retired triumphantly on the "last word" because it was likely to settle the question with a laugh from the opponent.

She could and did, however, write a model of epistolary style, because her whole heart was in whatever she did, without reserve or affectation, and she always had something to say that struck nerve centres and vitalized the sympathies of the reader. She never "composed", but turned off at white heat whatever was uppermost in her brain domain. Her handwriting was indicative of her directness, strong and firm, with no suspicion of the copy book or painstaking.

ing, but denoting virility and ease, even to the verge of an independent and noble carelessness, for she always wrote in haste with the next duty crowding from behind.

She was "original" both in thought and expression, her ideas fresh from the virgin soil of her own contemplation. She read *slowly*, pausing frequently in some dream revery of her own, or as if making acquaintance with new ideas which she received, as it were, "on probation" until they should prove themselves belonging to the peerage of thought. She did not skim easily, busy woman as she was, but plodded industriously, dreaming her own dreams between paragraphs, and brooding meanwhile her own embryonic ideas.

The writer can here, as previously, fancy the reader asking, had she then *no* faults? If so—pass them over: they were like inequalities on the smoothest sphere of the roundest orange. If so, they were so overlain with "sweetness and light" that they were scarcely discernible. The virtues, the loving-kindnesses, were so in the van of any remnant of a "ragged regiment of errors", that they outshone as banners do the victorious troop of an invading army. She *was* abrupt sometimes when preoccupied or anxious—deaf sometimes when she did not *wish* to hear, because absorbed in some out-lying province of speculation; called *absent-minded* as to the present, when she was really *present-minded* as to some past from which she was drawing lessons which should guide and guard her future. She had a way of ig-

noring petty things which seemed big things to others, and rolled them lightly off as one tosses pebbles aside on the shore of the ocean. This sometimes subjected her to narrow criticism, until the critics themselves discovered that their eye-beams were only motes in the sunshine of a more dispassionate judgment. Did she *never* make mistakes? Was it impossible for her to blunder when trying some of her novel experiments? Right here, dear interrogators, she was grandest of all. She met a mistake frankly, gave it the "right hand of fellowship" as having served its purpose as a bit of necessary experience, and with a "wink of consanguinity" passed it on as a finale never to be repeated. She refused to be disheartened by that which could not be undone; recognizing a misjudgment as a disciplinarian not to be disregarded; she bowed regretfully, but passed on courageously.

It is well nigh impossible to describe her as a teacher, not so much of the jargon of conflicting books as of the harmonies possible in one's own soul. Her unconscious *self*-revelation was a better educator than the compendiums of schools. She was a lover not of her task, but her art the noblest on earth, the moulding of ductile natures into the fixed but graceful curves of established womanhood. Higher even than curriculums for *men* were her formulas for those who were to be *mothers* of men—the power behind and beneath every scheme that has rocked the world, every beneficence that has tended toward its salvation. She never belittled the responsibilities of those who had girls in their holy keeping—holier perhaps, be-

cause more impartial than the tenderest care of the woman who bore them.

And yet she was merry withal, and genuinely, not perfunctorily, sympathetic with youth in all its phases, its illusions, its follies and frolics, its vanities even, in a wise way. She cured not so much by caustic rebuke as by a mild ridicule, not sarcastic or censorious, wounding and hurting more than it healed, but so subtly humorous, and so spontaneously witty, that the laughter it provoked was a sure antidote to the petty vice under not the scalpel of the surgeon, but the burin of the deft etcher. For grave offences she was capable of severe, even scathing rebuke, which she rarely visited upon culprits in full measure, for she did not believe in too drastic methods, even for the most wayward, judging them perhaps to be in need of wise counsel rather than stern denunciation—persuasion rather than punishment. She made large allowance for early training, heredity, cramped environment, and exceptional temptation.

But while absorbed in her local work she never slighted outside or foreign obligations. Her family ties were iron stanchions. Her invalid father, whom she took to her western home for his declining years, he having previously buried her beautiful mother, she cherished so tenderly that after some special service he would involuntarily exclaim: "Oh, she is one of ten thousand!" She mothered her brother's motherless little girls, never dreaming how they would embellish her middle years "after the similitude of palaces", and fulfilled to the uttermost every precious

obligation of kin. Her friendships at large were as steady as the stars, and though they crowded upon her as the years passed she never forsook the old in order to gather in the new. A playmate of her earliest childhood, who is now living and mourning her loss, she never failed to visit as often as opportunity offered, strengthening nearly every year the adamant bonds of child-allegiance. Once a friend, a friend forever, and "*auld* acquaintance", because perennial, was sweetest of all. There were no arid spaces in between-years, and she had the rare value of beginning just where she left off, so that the continuity of heart contact was unbroken, though years and seas rolled between. To the glory of a crown friendship let this record testify!

And so to permanent residents of Monticello, meridian years sped on, as like as the golden apples in the Garden of the Hesperides. Through them in regular succession moved the jocund processional of girls—Seniors going, but Juniors coming—some tears in June, but more smiles in October, song and laughter on the air, innocent mirth in the foreground, and all to the dance music of the young; but above, beneath and behind all, the rare seriousness which pervades the atmosphere of earnest study when grey matter in immature brains begins to stir, and the rushing interrogatories of "why, whence and wherefore?" come crowding into the chambers of stimulated thought. No monotony here for those who were growing almost imperceptibly soberer-minded in the more frequent pauses for reflection. Life was

neither a tread-mill nor a machine-shop in which "specimens" were turned out after some stereotyped pattern, but it was a miniature Paradiso of experiment, in which each flower was called by its own name, trained and developed by being "personally conducted" through Queen's Gardens, while the mother-enchantress waved her wand over the *waste* places, always discovering the otherwise "left-outs", the sore hearts, the dull brains, the "unemployed" because the formerly unprivileged.

No sorrowful face passed beneath that observant eye unnoticed, for her sympathies were as quick to discern the griefs as the joys of her juveniles. She watched the Waterloo of the defeated, the timid damsel who failed to pass creditably an exhausting examination (for examinations are *always* exhausting to the high-strung excitable pupil who lives by nerves alone). The presiding genius had a soft pressure of hand for the quaking performer who "broke down" in musicale and returned to her seat with sobs suppressed in her quivering throat. In a word, she understood with a marvelous prescience the "mixed mathematics" of unsolved problems, and wrote their varied equations so deftly that they soon resolved into "*known* quantities" beneath puzzled eyes, and bewildered brains. She has been styled "one of the elect of the earth" who helped each girl "find herself"! A complement of Thomas Arnold, the prince of teachers, she was the priestess of that high vocation, and ministered incorporably at its high altars.

But the sun does not tarry at zenith, the day must

wane as well as wax, and there was no staying the after-crisis. The pulsing life had after all been too strenuous, though there seemed no lapsing of intellectual force, the aplomb of race maintaining its "title clear" to pride of birth and verve of bearing for a long time. The surrender would be slow but sure. The tide was on the turn long e'er its ebb was recognizable, for the tone was still as clear as ringing bell, the smile as rare and sweet, the cheer as constant, though the step was *not* as steady as of old. Could it be possible that the "silver cord" always so tense and taut before could be loosing; the "golden bowl" so piled with treasure always, could be breaking; the "pitcher" spilling at the fountain; the "wheel" so steady at the "cistern" no longer to be trusted? *Could* it be possible the light of the house could be quivering in the socket, the glory of the house fading, as do sunset clouds at eventide? Onlookers nearest and dearest shuddered in silent anguish, but spoke no word, and gave no sign. They understood too well what must be voiced if speech escaped the barred prison of the lips.

Note. To a certain class of readers it may seem surprising that the account of this remarkable life, now nearing its close, should be buttressed by so few dates and names. Apologetically, there are few dates to give, and they do not matter or particularly profit. 'Tis not formal biography which is recorded here, but more the life intimate, the song that murmured in the shell rather than the anthem that pounded on the shore. "Times and seasons" in such lives are practi-

cally dateless, for gala days and "melancholy" merge into a Pilgrim's Progress of delight; more mellow than any splendid vision of a Faery Queen, it becomes a living allegory, shining true in real life.

"There is no death, what seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life
Elysian,
Whose portals, we call death."

V.

HARVEST HOME.

The dreaded possible now became probable, the probable the inevitable! "Great Heart" spiritually was now weak heart physically; that once bounding pulse was slowing down. Skilled doctors with all modern scientific appliances sought to steady the fluctuating beat, to strengthen the relaxing muscle. The nurses, expert professionals, become almost *kin* sisters in exquisite devotion to "such a patient as they had never treated before!" one displaying fortitude, to be sure, as did many another, but fortitude shot all through with sunny smiles, racy words, and over all the most gracious benignity of presence.

Where *she* lay was the throneroom of the house, from which went every morning at the prayer hour some tender and beautiful message to the school, as often bearing laughter as tears. Every evening her door must be wide opened that she might catch the vesper song as its sweet notes were wafted upward. Her *absence* was more potent than an average presence; her slightest wish the Golden Law of all behavior. Enshrined in flowers, and surrounded by those who watched every breath and motion, she seemed least concerned of any. The silver tongue had lost none of the magic of its low, rich, trenchant eloquence; the clear, keen eye no twinkle of its sparkling humor when "somebody blundered" in very eager-

ness to exactly suit occasion. Not a meal was placed before her that she did not receive it with the grace befitting a banquet of the gods—never failing to send some facetious message to those who had so striven to prepare it to her taste. She must be sure upon retiring that the “night watch” had the daily paper to beguile the rests between the beats of hourly rounds. Despite the doctors and the nurses she would know what was “going on”; and it was really better so, for then she felt herself in her Queen Chariot of state, and it was a delight ever for her “ladies in waiting” to *appear* to yield (when in any measure possible) to her bland command.

Perhaps *more* in illness than in health did she exhibit the prime traits of her noble character—*self* was submerged in her continuous solicitude for somebody else. As was said of Gen. Grant during his last days (Century Magazine), *Her* “last and only surrender was *her* greatest victory”. “It is not so much the mere size of a person, as *actions* under *ordinary* circumstances which make up human experience”. Again: “There is no place in which human nature shows itself so plainly as in the sick-room. The patient is there ‘off guard’ against all conventional formalities, and appears the plain and simple self”. So her “out put” under these circumstances was of nobility and sweetness at the core. Not a single peevish expression of face, not an irritated fret upon the tongue, indicated that she was battling with the great conqueror, and constituting herself a heroine of Christian fortitude, worthy the proudest laurels of



HASKELL MEMORIAL ENTRANCE.

a victor, but a victor "retired" by suffering from the plaudits of the "open" field. The few who were nearest—her "body-guard"—knew her struggle to *breathe*—but never any apparent struggle to *smile* or speak the word so like an "apple of gold in a picture of silver". They saw the *labor* of the heart to beat—but also the *spontaneous* sparkle of the eye in appreciative response. As ever it was a privilege to be of her "entourage", while to render her a service and receive her grateful recognition was like a jewel in hand. So non-assertive of sovereignty was she that her sovereignty was the imperialism of Love unbounded.

So "the nights were filled with music, and the cares that infested day, oft folded tents like Arabs, and silently stole away". Every hour grew more and more consecrate as it passed on toward the Eternities, and rendered more fixed the fact that Hope must furl her wings; while faces must remain placid, lest a frown of brow or quiver of eye-lash should quicken that labored breathing beyond recovery. Conversation was not allowed to languish, nor light persiflage concerning "affairs". The quickest reply, the sagest observation, the cleverest quip was ever hers. Everything human, sane and suggestive was "in order", and there was no frightened repression of the chaste gayety that always clothed her as a garment. She watched the marvel of the springing grass, the miracle of budding trees, the timid flutter of the robin's wing, from her bay-window, where she always sat, with as much alert interest as in any spring before, except

that sometimes for a moment there stole over that beautiful face a holy calm that was a precursor of a better country than even *this* earth, so lovely to behold when opening to the resurrection of flowers.

These sacred weeks were her last evangels of teaching by example what she had so often taught by precept. Though her bodily strength steadily diminished, her gallant spirit maintained its equilibrium, but everybody knew the struggle was unequal, and though no apprehensive word was spoken, on each face as it *turned away* from her keen scrutiny was written the dumb alphabet of grief. Such tensions are impossible of long continuance, such an impressive object lesson must soon come to inevitable closure from its own accentuated significance; and so while brave expectant watchers bent above her, the sleep He giveth His Beloved brooded over the pillow;

That sleep more sound than poppies can procure;
More sweet than little children's slumber pure;
More dreamless than a spotless conscience gives
To couch of the most righteous man that lives;
The hush of that enforced burial wait
When humblest menial is nobilitate;
That marble silence, though the *sleep*er knows
The secrets of her sculpturesque repose;
The rigid curves of that God-moulded form,
But late so flexible and rosy-warm,
All testify with a supreme accord
And in concurrence with the *written* word
The high prerogatives of that still clime
That lift the lowliest to rank sublime,
Whom final passage of the mortal breath
Escutcheons with the regnant dignity of death.

A sacrament of perfect peace now consecrated that absolutely breathless silence, so that there was no "shock", but rather a benediction of departure.

The knowledge that she was "*resting*" smothered for a time all sense of loss, and things moved on as quietly as though a babe had fallen into natural slumber. As if she herself had ordered it, the household kept its mute tryst with sorrow, and gave no vehement sign—because she would have wished it so!

Permit here some partial quotation from Memorial tributes with which to conclude.

"In silent majesty within the beautiful Eleanor Reid Chapel lay the earth form of her, the ever Beloved. A service brief and beautiful was held. As in the past, so now there rose in unison the prayer in which she had so often led, and under the arches swelled the chorus of sweet young voices:

"In Heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear".

Then between lines of reverent girls all clad in spotless white, no carriage following, she was borne down the driveway leading through the campus, green with early spring, her maiden band in last sad waiting, a shining picture and a hallowed scene, a chaste memory to be cherished forevermore."

Far off in her native state rests her mortal body. The silver splendor of the single rose in the folded hand over the sable robe has withered, but *she* now walks in white amid amaranth and immortelles.

'Tis well that her noble bust, no nobler than her character, consecrates the chapel foyer; better that her sweet pictured face, no sweeter than her sunny disposition, adorn its walls amid the gallery of its previous worthies, but best of all that the open gates to the campus should ever hereafter be known as the Haskell Gates, through which must pass crowds of Hebes to learn the story of her who loved, rebuilt, and died for Monticello—for the strain of it all (though *blessed* strain it was) broke her down at last!

Hers was ideal *dying*; like after glow of eve
That brings from noon-tide fevers such exquisite re-
prieve;

(My hand was last in clasping, one cooling 'neath my
touch:

Was ever mortal anguish to be compared with such?)
Yet 'twas ideal dying; some angel swept his wing
Across those classic features, as if en-spiriting
With heavenly grace the passing of a finished *human*
fate

Into the broader reaches of more majestic state.

Yes, 'twas ideal dying, her shallop "crossed the Bar"
Toward sea's unruffled splendor since light of
Bethlehem's star;

Who walked upon *those* waters through tempests of
affright

Toward Azrael's holy silence 'mid "calms of pure de-
light"?

There was no farewell *spoken*, for music of the spheres
Gave pledges of a dawning beyond these mortal years,

Where welcomes shall be ringing instead of drear
good-byes,

For Calvary has promised that all the dead shall rise.

'Tis *all* ideal dying—the Resurrection Morn

Shows *all the world*, an Eden in which mankind was
born.

We weep meanwhile, forgetting, that glory of the sea
Which trailed the silver treading of God of Galilee.

A few weeks later the elder of the two neices,
(before mentioned as her devoted care) Elizabeth
Porter Haskell, was laid beside her. Devitalized by a
previous illness arising from no appreciable cause at
the time, she proved unequal to the wrench of separation
from one so much beloved, and faded like a
blighted flower. It was as if she said: "Entreat me
not to leave thee or to return from following after thee.
Where thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will
lodge. Where thou diest I will die and there will I
be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also"
if *even death* part thee and me!

As medallion against statue
Knows no terms of great or small,
Does the one who followed after
Heed our agonizing call?
Does she speak *our* dear love language,
Sonsie, sweet Elizabeth;
Does she "sense" *us* now *she's* wearing
Nimbus drapery of death?

FAREWELL (*Intime*)

Dear friends, whoever and wherever you are, I hesitatingly place this pen mosaic in your hands, uneven in detail as mosaics are apt to be in their cubes, but perchance effective and shapely in general contour. It has really written itself as such heart tributes do, without diplomatic reserves, as also without any display of technique. *Truth* has been my pole star as clearly as I could discern it through the hazing mists of memories past, though I am well aware there may be some trivial errors as to *order* of events, but they are unimportant and do not affect the general carry of the narrative.

Not a word has been set down for "effect". Having been constantly with her by day and by night, at home and abroad, through girlhood, womanhood and maturity, I claim my rights as an accredited witness, one of which rights is to be believed because I know so thoroughly that which I have delineated—not "after the manner of men", statuesque—but after the manner of women, arabesque—and diviner because the brochure has been dipped in the chrism of a life-long tenderness.

I submit it with most sincere affection both for yourselves and *Her*, so mutually beloved, and now

that it is finished, on this Sixth of May, the first anniversary of Her Harvest Home, I drop my pen between, and weave my Rosemary round those consecrated graves in Maine.

EMILY GILMORE ALDEN.

Boston, May 6th, 1908.

MEMORIAL HYMN.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of memorials for the
dead,
Because of hearts sob-shaken, and the tears that wait
unshed ;
A cave was called Machpelah, for therein a woman
slept
And did not waken at the call of patriarch who
wept.

For since this brilliant star-dust has been thickly
sown with sins,
Our losses write in requiems, while love and grief
are twins ;
It may be granite pillar, or a head-stone in the
grass,
Which tells of rest *in pace* to all mourners as they
pass.

More numerous than palaces are cenotaphs and
towers,
Which speak a tongue more eloquent than languages
of flowers.
It may be English Westminster, or India's Taj
Mahal,
Or grand St. Peter's lordly dome, or Spain's
Escorial ;

Or Santa Croce beauteous, or Kremlin's minarets.

They each and all are witnesses: when loyalty forgets

The stars will jump their courses, or the rivers shun the sea

If there remain no crosses for the Christ of Calvary.

Mine eyes have seen the sadness of memorials for the dead,

When there is only sighing, and no services are read.

A waft of crape is floating loose beside a hovel door,

A single rose bush blooming fresh upon a lonely moor.

A field of wheat may wave lament where that "Old Guard" went down,

While not an olive spreads above the grave on Nebo's crown:

It may be Doric column or the curves of Angelo,

All tell the self-same story of the weight of human woe.

It may be brush of painter, or the magic of the pen

That tries to soften tragedy, which broods the race of men:

Perchance a strain of music, or the wealth of spoken word

That phrases a beatitude wherever it is heard.

But this memorial differs, for 'tis not a pilgrim's
shrine,

Nor yet a mausoleum, with its sculpturesque design ;
Instead, a stately portal, with a name graved on the
stones

Which always will be spoken in our hushed and
reverent tones.

The name of her who builded so much better than
she knew,

Not only temple made with hands but life so rich
and true.

'Tis meet that all who enter here, in future that
awaits,

Should pass as if on "holy ground" Memorial
Haskell Gates.

'Tis well that proud processional of those who've
gone before

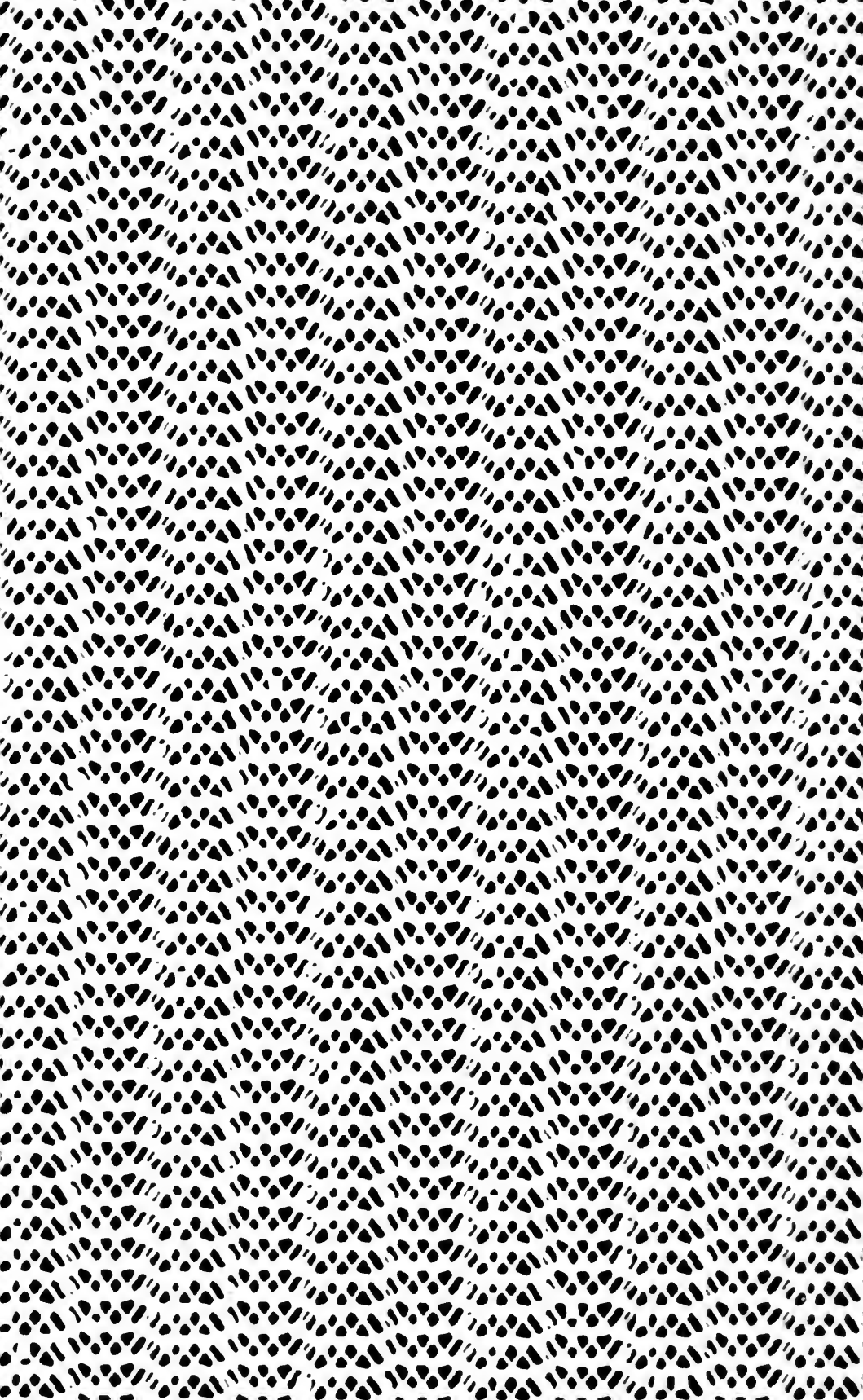
Have set this gate imperial before her palace door ;
That those who're coming after can discern a Queen's
domain,

And not the sad reminder of Death's separation
pain.

So our eyes have seen the beauty of this tribute to a
soul

That made life an evangel by its pure symmetric
whole ;

Far finer than escutcheon of a Romanoff or Guelph,
Or any shaft in Pere Lachaise, this charmed life
itself.



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